

No.110

APRIL... TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN  
PUBLICATION  
DC  
IND.

The BATMAN

# Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MY WORD!  
WHAT ON  
EARTH'S  
THAT?!?

MEAN TO SAY  
YOU HAVEN'T  
HEARD, OLD BOY?  
**BATMAN AND ROBIN**  
ARE WORKING WITH  
**SCOTLAND YARD**  
IN THIS ISSUE!



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**GREEN  
LANTERN,**  
FOR EXAMPLE!  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE **BEST**  
IN **ANY** COMIC  
MAGAZINE!



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-



"THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN LONDON," SHERLOCK HOLMES CALLED THAT PAST MASTER OF CUNNING CRIMES, PROFESSOR MORIARTY!... AND WHEN A MODERN MORIARTY TAKES HIS CUES FROM THE DRAMA-PACKED PAGES OF A. CONAN DOYLE'S INGENIOUS STORIES TO BAFFLE THE BEST DETECTIVE BRAINS IN ENGLAND—THE DYNAMIC DUO MEETS A CRUCIAL TRANSATLANTIC TEST OF WITS AND SKILL IN THE MOST THRILLING CASE OF THEIR CAREER—THE ADVENTURE OF ...

"BATMAN AND ROBIN in Scotland Yard!"



## DETECTIVE COMICS



AT SCOTLAND YARD, LONDON, DETECTIVES  
SEIZE TWO HARD-TO-HANDLE CUSTOMERS...

GIVE UP? OR MUST  
WE PUT ON THE  
NIPPERS?

PUT  
THEM  
ON...

WHAT-  
HO!



BUT WHAT'S THIS? BATMAN AND ROBIN  
FIGHTING AGAINST THE REPRESENTATIVES  
OF LAW AND ORDER?

...IF YOU  
CAN!



MY  
WORD!

AN  
OLD  
TRICK—BUT  
STILL A  
GOOD  
ONE!

THEY JOLLY  
WELL CAN'T  
GIVE US THE  
SLIP AGAIN!

HANG  
ON TO YOUR  
END OF THE  
ROPE,  
ROBIN!



WHAT  
KIND OF  
A GAME  
IS THIS?

A GOTHAM  
CITY VERSION  
OF RING-  
AROUND-  
THE ROSIE!

HIP-HIP-HOORAY!

A MOST  
AMAZING  
DEMONSTRATION!  
BULLY FOR YOU,  
BATMAN  
AND ROBIN!

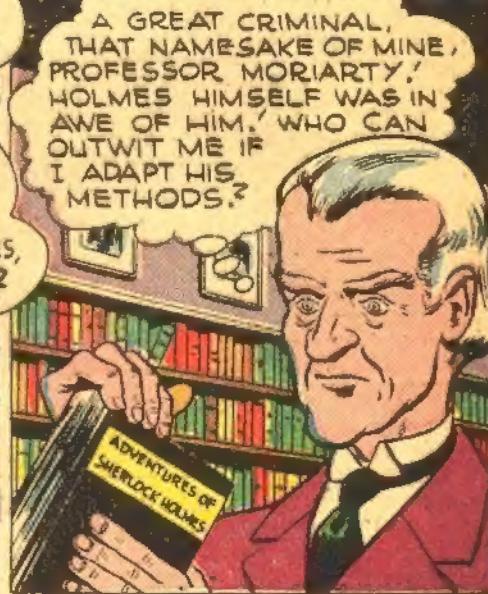


DETECTIVE COMICS

THE SHAM BATTLE OVER, CHIEF INSPECTOR CARVER CONDUCTS THE AMERICAN DUO THROUGH THE SCOTLAND YARD MUSEUM!



BUT WHAT ARE THE CAPE CRIME-CRUSHERS DOING IN ENGLAND, ANYWAY? LET US LOOK BACKWARD SOME WEEKS FOR THE ANSWER, INTO THE LIBRARY OF A SINISTER MAN ...



INSPECTOR GOW, ACE C.I.D. OPERATIVE, IS AT HIS WITS' END.

SOON, A SERIES OF BREATHTAKING ROBBERIES SHOCKS ALL LONDON.



GOW, IT OCCURS TO ME THERE ARE A PAIR OF PHENOMENAL CRIME SPECIALISTS IN GOTHAM CITY, U.S.A.!



SO AN URGENT PLEA SPANS THE OCEAN, AS SURELY AS IF SCOTLAND YARD HAD FLASHED FORTH THE WEIRD BAT SYMBOL BY TRANSATLANTIC SEARCHLIGHT.





## DETECTIVE COMICS



AND IN THE OFFICE OF GOTHAM CITY POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON...

HERE'S AN URGENT CABLE FROM SCOTLAND YARD, ASKING ME TO LEND-LEASE YOU TO RUN DOWN A MODERN PROFESSOR MORIARTY!

SHADES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES!



NEXT DAY FINDS BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON -AND THEIR SLEUTHING BUTLER, ALFRED -ABOARD SHIP!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO RETURN TO MY NATIVE LONDON, SIRS. I MAY FIND A CRIME THERE TO SOLVE MYSELF!

JUST REMEMBER TO STEER CLEAR OF BATMAN AND ROBIN, ALFRED. WE MUST PROTECT OUR SECRET IDENTITIES!



AND NOW, RETURNING TO THE PRESENT, WE FIND ALFRED ABOUT TO MAKE A LONE PILGRIMAGE TO A SPOT DEAR TO HIS HEART!

BAKER STREET, MY GOOD MAN - AND DRIVE SLOWLY IN THIS BEASTLY FOG!



NOW FOR MY DETECTIVE DISGUISE! HOW ELSE SHOULD I APPROACH THE SHRINE OF THAT IMMORTAL MANHUNTER, SHERLOCK HOLMES?



THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT, OLD CHAP!

TO ALFRED, SHERLOCK HOLMES WAS MORE THAN A FICTIONAL CHARACTER - HE WAS A REAL PERSON...



THESE FLAGSTONES ONCE RANG TO THE TREAD OF HOLMES'S FEET - AND FROM THOSE WINDOWS GAZED EAGLE EYES THAT MISSED NOTHING!

DETECTIVE COMICS

BUT IF ALFRED COULD ONLY SEE THROUGH WINDOWS ACROSS THE STREET! WITHIN A CURTAINED ROOM...

ISN'T IT RISKY STAYING HERE IN THE SHERLOCK HOLMES NEIGHBORHOOD, PROFESSOR?

NONSENSE! IT'S THE LAST PLACE THE POLICE WOULD EXPECT TO FIND US WITH OUR LOOT!

SHERLOCK 'OLMES, SO 'ELP ME - OR 'IS SPIRIT!

STOP DRIVELING, BERTIE! THERE NEVER WAS ANY SHERLOCK HOLMES, EXCEPT IN CONAN DOYLE'S BRAIN!

A REX CIGARETTE, SMOKED BY A MAN WITH A DROOPING MUSTACHE... AH, ME - A PITY THERE'S NO REAL CRIME HEREABOUTS TO TEST MY POWERS!

SUDDENLY...

LUMME, PERFFESSOR, 'E'S OUT THERE, 'UNTIN' US - OR 'AUNTIN' US!

WHO? SPEAK UP, FOOL!

SEE - 'E'S 'AVIN' A SQUINT AT A CIGAR. ETTE STUB H'I DROPPED!

HMM... PERHAPS IT'S A TRICK! BROFF, YOU AND LODI BRING HIM IN HERE!

MMFFF!

HURRY, LODI! WE'LL GET HIM ACROSS THE STREET BEFORE ANYONE GLIMPSES US IN THIS FOG.



DETECTIVE COMICS

AND NOW WE RETURN BRIEFLY TO SCOTLAND YARD, AND THAT PART OF THE THAMES EMBANKMENT ON WHICH IT STANDS...



AND HERE IS THE STRANGEST CRAFT THAT EVER RODE THE RIVER THAMES!



SHE'S A BEAUTY! CAN WE TRY HER OUT?

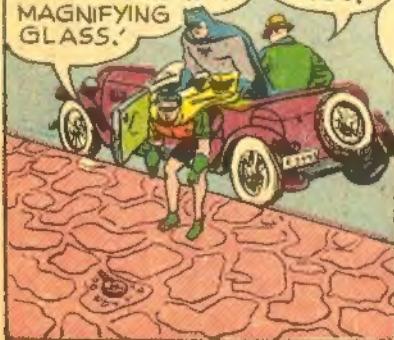
UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S NOT QUITE READY YET. MEANWHILE, INSPECTOR GOW WILL SHOW YOU THROUGH BAKER STREET!

HOLMES' OLD STREET, EH? LET'S GO!



PRESENTLY...

HERE WE ARE. THE CHIEF THOUGHT A VISIT TO THIS NEIGHBORHOOD MIGHT INSPIRE YOU! PAGE DR. WATSON! I'M GOING TO DEDUCE THE HISTORY OF THAT BROKEN MAGNIFYING GLASS!



EXCELLENT, ROBIN! BUT YOU MISSED THESE FOOTPRINTS IN THE DAMP DUST, INDICATING THAT THREE MEN HAD A STRUGGLE HERE!

AN 8-POWER GLASS, I SHOULD SAY!



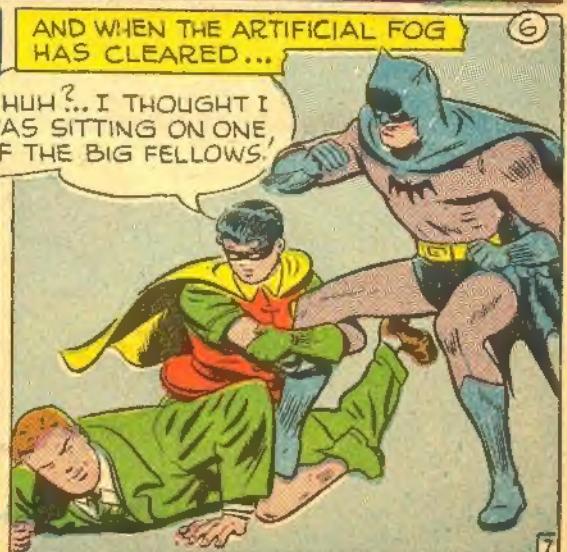
TWO HEAVY-SET MEN CAME FROM ACROSS THE STREET! THE THIRD - THEIR VICTIM, I IMAGINE - CAME FROM DOWN THE STREET - AND HERE HIS TRAIL ENDS!

OH, COME NOW, BATMAN! ARE YOU SPOOFING?





# DETECTIVE COMICS



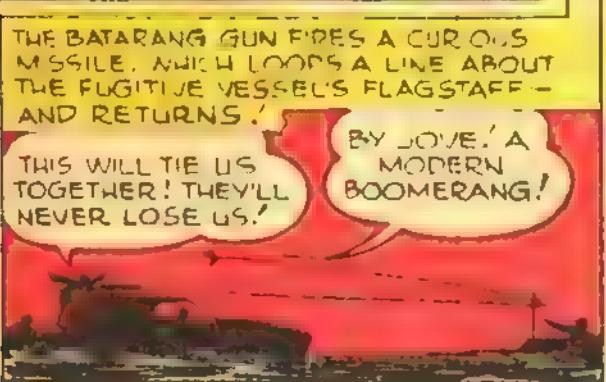


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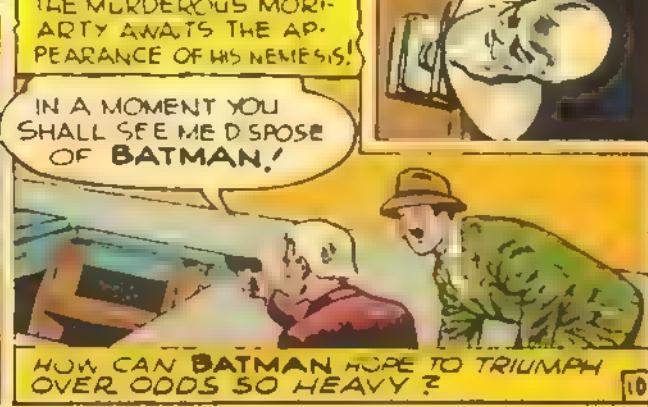
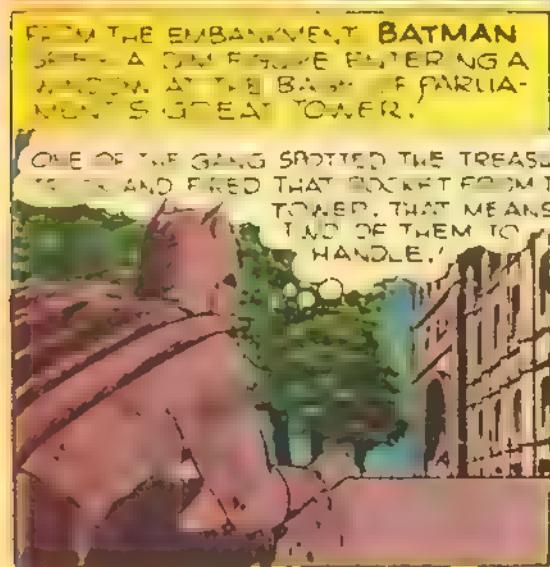


A HUGE VAN SWINGS ACROSS THE MIDDLE OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, BLOCKING TRAFFIC—AND AS A SMALLER TRUCK FROM WATERLOO STATION BRAKES TO A STOP...

ONLY A MINUTE IS REQUIRED FOR THE AUDACIOUS ROBBERY—THEN MEN WITH HEAVY BOXES OF LOOT SLIDE DOWN ROPES TO A WAITING LAUNCH!



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS

BATMAN SPROUTS MOTIONLESS...  
BUT HIS HAND MOVES STEALTHILY!



THE NEXT INSTANT...



SO ENDS THE STORY OF BATMAN'S BATTLE WITH THE CROOK WHO USED METHODS THAT ONCE BAFFLED EVEN SHERLOCK HOLMES... EXCEPT THAT LATER, IN SCOTLAND YARD...

ANYWAY, I ALMOST OUTWITTED YOU. MY ONLY MISTAKE WAS IN THINKING BATMAN HAD NO GUN!

I NEVER CARRY A GUN! IT WAS THIS PIPE - A COPY OF THE ONE HOLMES WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE SMOKED.



SO HOLMES BLUFFED MORIARTY AGAIN - IN REAL LIFE! WELL, WE'VE GOT THEM - AND THE CREDIT BELONGS TO

BATMAN  
AND  
ROBIN!

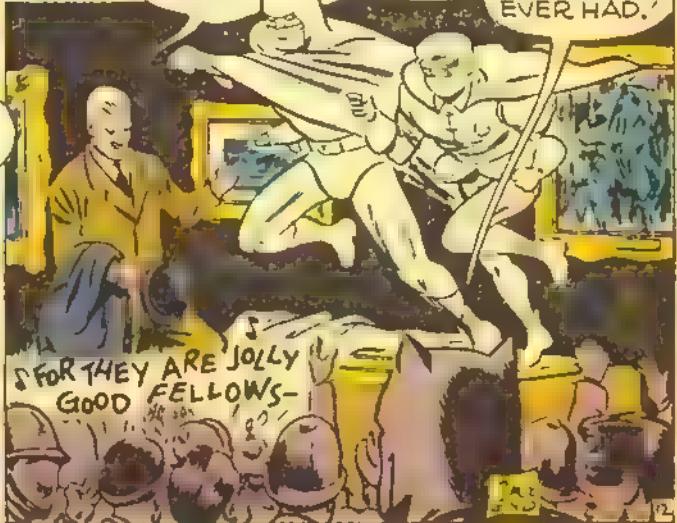
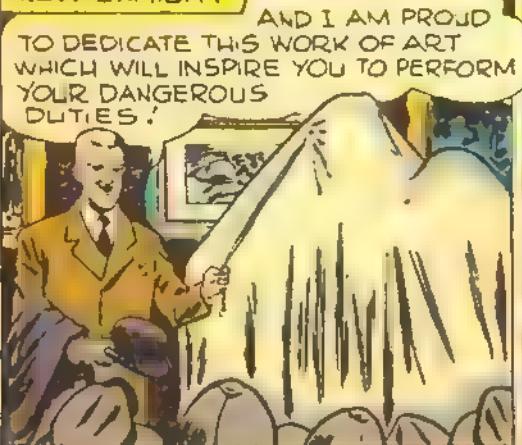
OH, NO! IT'S YOUR CASE, GOW - AND ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR SCOTLAND YARD! WE JUST WENT ALONG FOR THE RIDE!

PEOPLE SAY WE'VE NO SHERLOCK HOLMES ANY MORE - BUT HIS BRAVE AND BRILLIANT SPIRIT STILL LIVES IN MEN LIKE THESE.

THIS, ROBIN, IS THE FINEST COMPLIMENT WE'VE EVER HAD!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE SCOTLAND YARD MUSEUM IS ENRICHED BY A NEW EXHIBIT!

AND I AM PROUD TO DEDICATE THIS WORK OF ART WHICH WILL INSPIRE YOU TO PERFORM YOUR DANGEROUS DUTIES!





YOU DON'T NEED A CRYSTAL BALL TO CHECK YOUR MOTHER ON WHEATIES.

ALL YOU NEED IS AN EATING ACQUAINTANCESHIP WITH THOSE CHAMPION WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES. 'CAUSE ONCE YOU KNOW WHEATIES SWELL NOURISHMENT, SWELEGANT FLAVOR YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE MIGHTY SURE THERE'S A BIG STOCK OF WHEATIES ON HAND -- ALWAYS !

BETTER LOOK INTO YOUR SUPPLY OF WHEATIES...RIGHT NOW. YOU'LL WANT LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" -- TOMORROW MORNING.

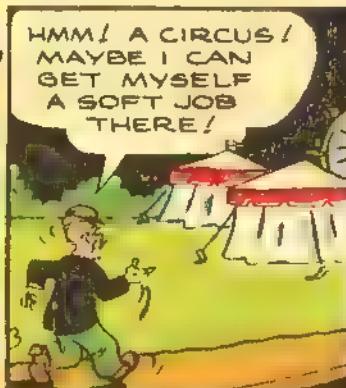


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DETECTIVE COMICS

# SCUFFY

THE TRAMP



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## HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE MARIE CELESTE, A SAILING SHIP THAT WAS FOUND ADMIRIT IN PERFECT CONDITION ...WITH EVEN THE TABLES SET FOR DINNER...YET WITHOUT A SOUL ON BOARD!



EVERYONE KNOWS THAT SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS ARE THE PLEASANTEST, SWELLEST-TASTING WAY TO RELIEVE COUGHS DUE TO COLDS!



SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS  
BLACK OR MENTHOL - 5¢





Usually *Air Wave* catches crooks over the wave-lengths, but this time he tunes in just for amusement. . .



YES, CAPTAIN KORN, AFTER I GOT OUTTA STATE PRISON I FIGGERED THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE CRIME PAY IS TO GO ON

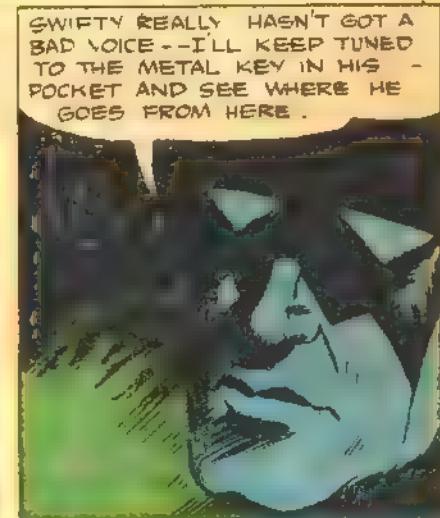
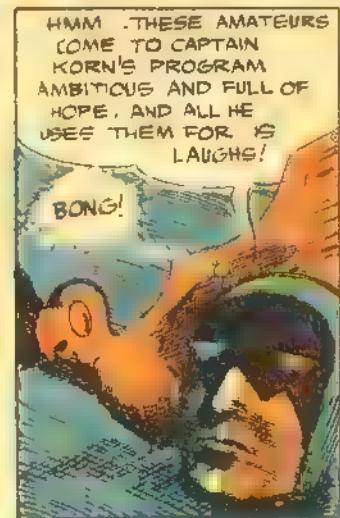
THE RADIO!

GREAT SCOTT,  
THAT'S SWIFTY,  
THE SINGING  
SAFECRACKER!





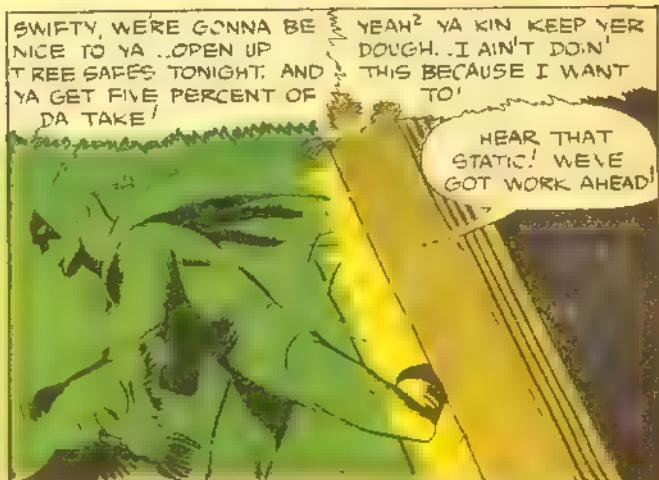
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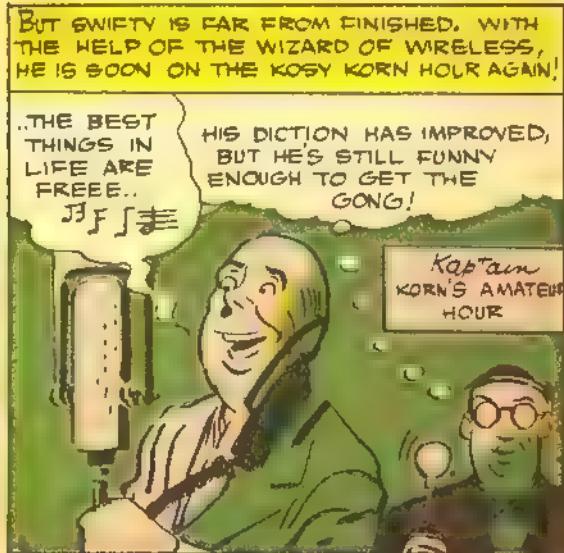
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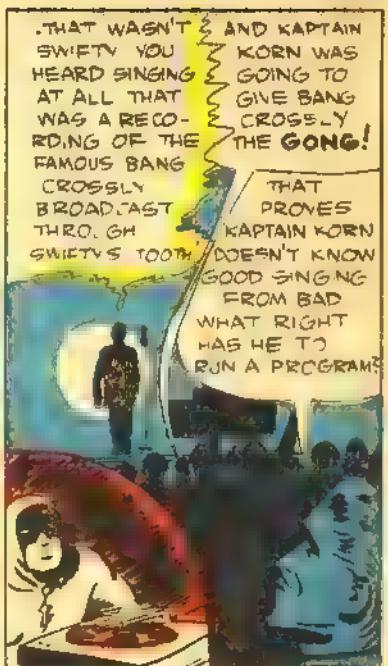
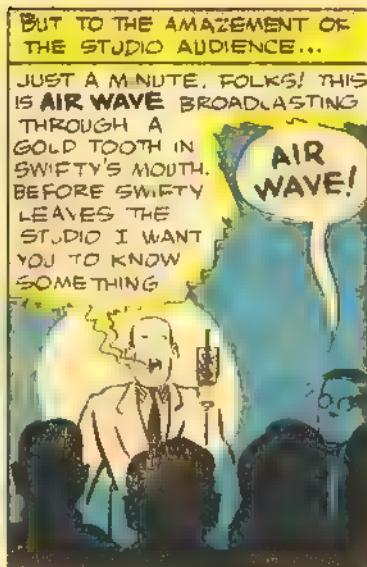
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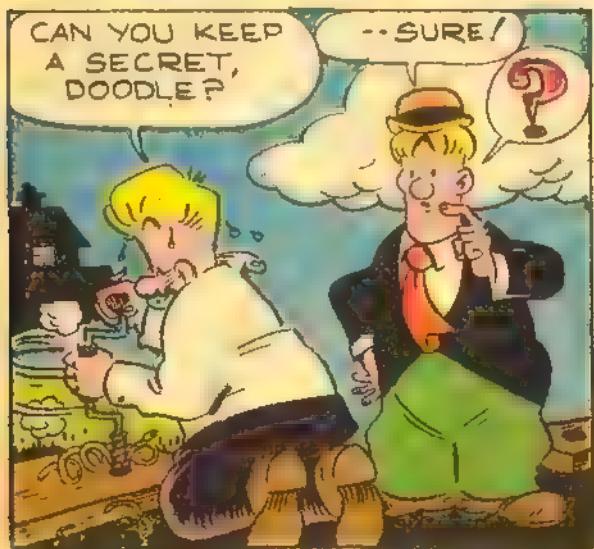
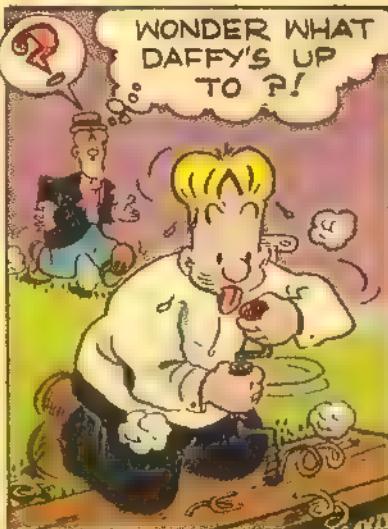
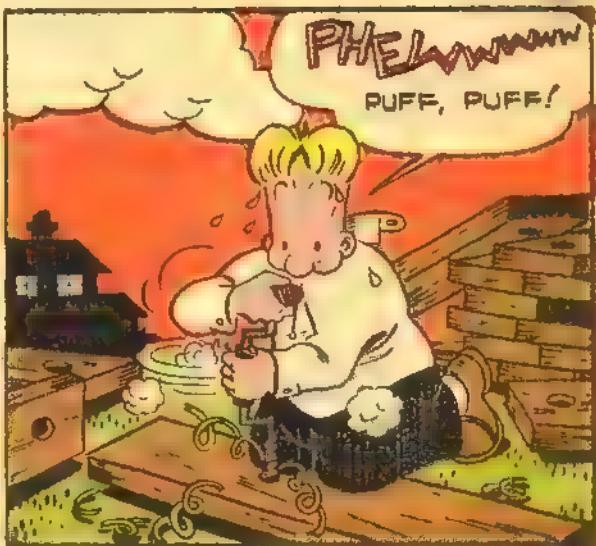
# DAFFY & DOODLE



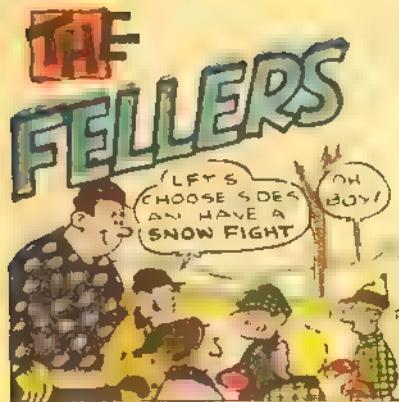


# DAFFY & DOODLE

HIT OR WIN



DETECTIVE COMICS



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## ALL IN FLAVOR... SAY FLEER'S



# GOLDEN MURDER

by Blair Bolton

ALL day and throughout the evening the wives of the miners and trappers had been trooping into the General Store run by Old Daumier. Because of the big gold strike, plus an exceptionally good year in pelts, the store's business had been unusually good. Old Madame Daumier and young Raoul had had to turn to and help wait on the flood of customers.

Finally, the last customer had left the store, the shutters were up, his wife and son had carried themselves off to a well-earned rest, and Old Daumier sat adding up the profits.

He, too, was tired. The accounts could wait. But habit was strong in the old man, and he couldn't go to sleep without first doing his usual routine of totaling up nightly. It had been the biggest day since he'd gone into business. He could have used Frenchy Lafleur this day. Frenchy had been his clerk, and a good one, until gambling had brought about his downfall and he'd stolen money from Old Daumier.

Old Daumier could have sent Frenchy to prison for the theft. But he was a soft-hearted man and, though he could ill afford the loss (since he was putting money aside for Raoul's education), he had listened to Frenchy's tearful explanation and merely dismissed him. Frenchy had then left town.

Or so Old Daumier thought. Otherwise, he might have changed the lock on the door.

That he did not do so, was to spell his death. For at this moment, lurking outside and

watching the windows of Daumier's store was Frenchy.

Frenchy was thin and swarthy. He had dark, burning eyes, and now his face was heavily bearded. All day, safely hidden from view, he had watched the heavy business eddying into Old Daumier's store. And as he watched, pangs of greed grew hot within him.

He grinned evilly as the light went out in Raoul's room. That would be Madam Daumier, putting her son to bed with a good-night kiss. A few minutes later, the light went out in Madam Daumier's room. Frenchy smiled. He had lived over the store. The old girl was a heavy sleeper, falling into deep slumber as soon as her head touched the pillow.

It was time to strike!

Carefully, he let himself in through the back door. He knew every inch of the way, although the rear room was in complete darkness. He emerged into the store. Old Daumier, unaware of an intruder, was sitting beneath a hanging, green-shaded light. Piles of gold pieces and gold dust were before him. As he counted, Old Daumier would make notations in a huge ledger.

Slowly, Frenchy edged along the wall, trying to hide in the shadows created by the lamp. His hand clutched the knife in his belt, and his long, narrow fingers closed around it. He held his breath. Old Daumier, as though some instinct had warned him, suddenly turned. The aged eyes tried to pierce the gloom, but Frenchy's dark

clothing blended into the darkness.

The old man returned to his figures. Frenchy, his body trembling, breathed a sigh of relief. It had been a close call! This killing would have to be done without noise. Frenchy was sure that Madam Daumier wouldn't awaken. She would be snoring by now. But Raoul—that was another matter.

Expertly, Frenchy measured the distance between himself and Old Daumier. Then he leaped. He leaped just as the old man reached for an ink bottle, and the knife, instead of striking in Old Daumier's back, went into his shoulder.

Quickly, Frenchy clubbed his fist into the old man's face. With a sigh, Daumier slid to the floor. Hastily, Frenchy shoved the gold and the dust into the pockets of his mackinaw. Another minute and he'd be gone!

Yes, he'd be gone. Then he could race for the border and get into the States. He'd go to Detroit. There he would be safe. He knew how to cross the border. This past week he had figured that out. Yes, and nobody would think of him in connection with the crime, for everyone knew he had left town. And no one had seen him return.

But he reckoned without Madam Daumier's unusual day. Overtired from her day of work in the store, and unable to sleep, she decided to join her husband. She got up, slipped into her felt slippers and lighted a lamp. Then she padded

noiselessly to the head of the stairs.

Frenchy saw her standing there just as she caught sight of him. The light was far enough away to make his face unrecognizable, but Madam Daumier knew the figure wasn't her husband's.

"Help!" she cried "Police!"

Frenchy dashed for the door. From behind him came the screams of Madam Daumier. Had she recognized him? He wasn't sure. His muttered imprecations kept him company as he took a little used trail out of town. It would be three days before he could reach the border, three days in which he must outwit the Mounties if they came after him.

By morning, he had put considerable distance between himself and the town in which he had once worked for Old Daumier. Still heading south, he moved with slow steps. He was tired, and the gold inside his pockets was heavy. It was an ample mackinaw, with spacious pockets. Inside the coat was a huge pocket which Frenchy had put in himself a long time ago. That hidden pocket was something Old Daumier had never known about.

Old Daumier had thought Frenchy stole only money. The secret pocket had hidden many a piece of merchandise which Frenchy later sold a few towns away. Old Daumier had always been puzzled over the thefts, blamed the miners' children for them.

Frenchy pressed on doggedly spurred by the burning worry over whether or not he had been recognized by Mrs. Daumier. But, two more days and he'd be over the border!

It was bitter cold, and his snowshoes left wide tracks in the gleaming white snowfall of

the evening before. Foot by foot he moved, until his legs could go no further and he was almost asleep on his feet. Yes, he'd sleep . . . and make up the time later. . . .

When he awoke, he was dismayed to find he had slept almost six hours. The sun was high in the heavens and it had warmed things up. Frenchy rolled up his sleeping bag, strapped it on his back. He bent over to put on his snowshoes. It was then that he saw the Mountie!

He was some distance away, but there was no mistaking the peaked hat, although the sun, glistening on the Mountie's holster would have been enough. He stood there, symbol of law and order in the Northwest, by the horizon.

Frenchy watched him through burning eyes. Had the Mountie seen him? For a long while he stood there, tense, motionless. The Mountie, he knew, carried field glasses. But this man was too far away for Frenchy to see whether he was using them.

Frenchy held his breath. Then panic gripped him. "He has found me with the glasses!" he cried. "He is coming to get me!" Yes, the Mountie was moving toward him.

"But he will never take me alive!" Frenchy muttered. "I'll kill him before he can catch me!" He slipped into his snowshoes and moved across the snow. Every now and then he would look back, see the Mountie. There was no doubt about it.

Perspiration poured down his face as he tried to put distance between himself and his pursuer. If he could only make the river, cross its ice, he would be able to hide! There was an old cave on the other side, not far from the river. Not many people knew about it. Smugglers

use it as a hideout.

Frenchy slid down an incline. His heart was pounding wildly against his ribs as he saw the ice-covered river stretching before him. Once across the river he would be able to hide!

\* Frenchy's body stiffened, as a rifle shot rang out. Then he relaxed. "The fool!" he told himself, "trying to hit me at such a distance!" He felt better, suddenly. "He must be a new Mountie," he said. "He cannot be smart to shoot like that. He cannot know this territory." Relaxed, he crouched on his snowshoes, headed toward the ice-covered avenue of escape before him.

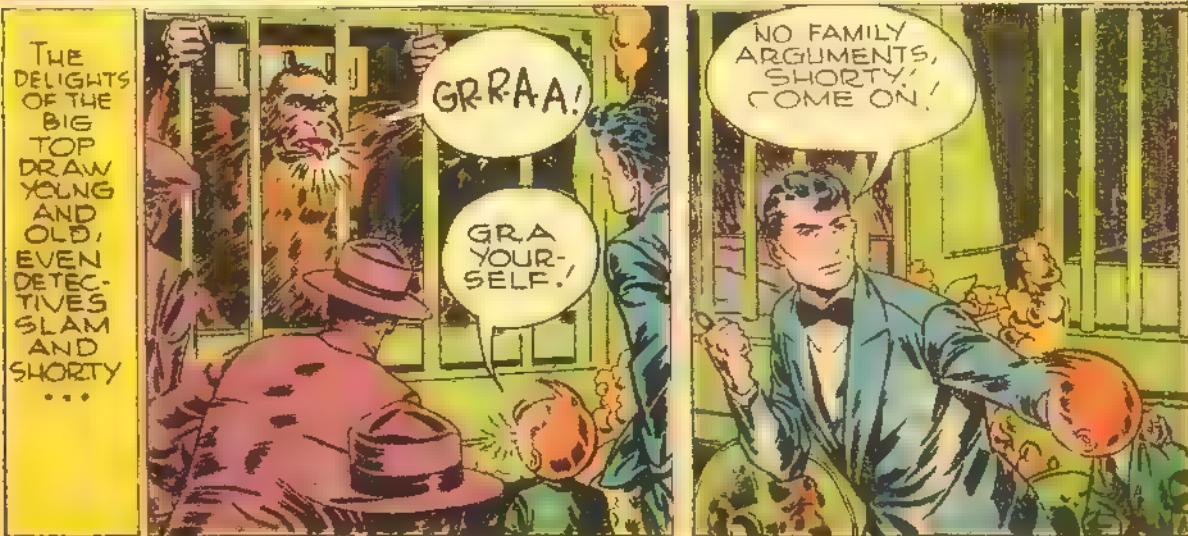
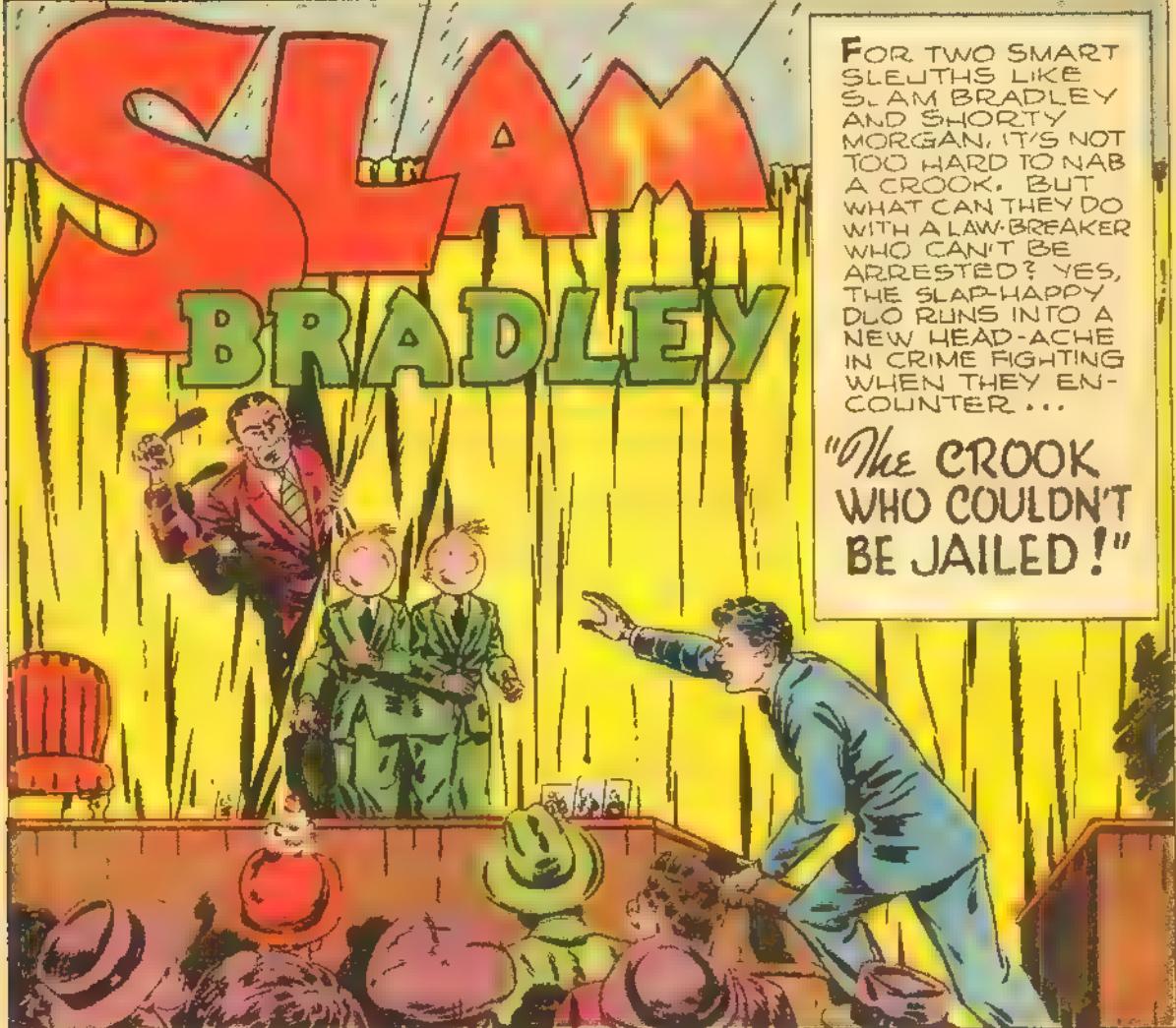
In a few minutes, a very few minutes now, he would be safe! "Ho-ha!" Frenchy yelled wildly, "I've made it!"

His snowshoes glided smoothly across the river ice, and Frenchy yelled exultantly. He had eluded his pursuer! This time a Mountie would not get his man!

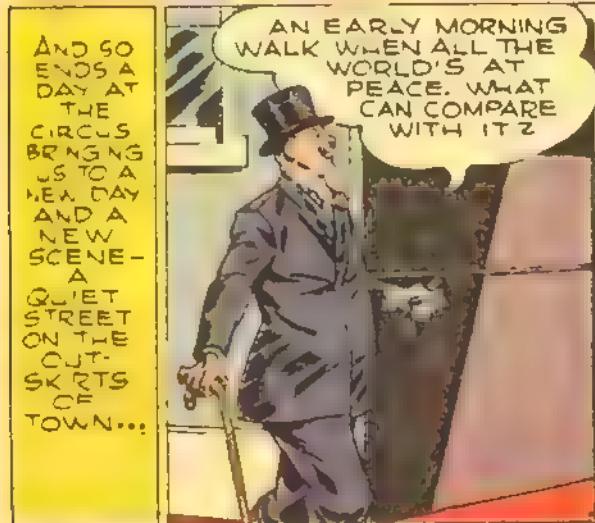
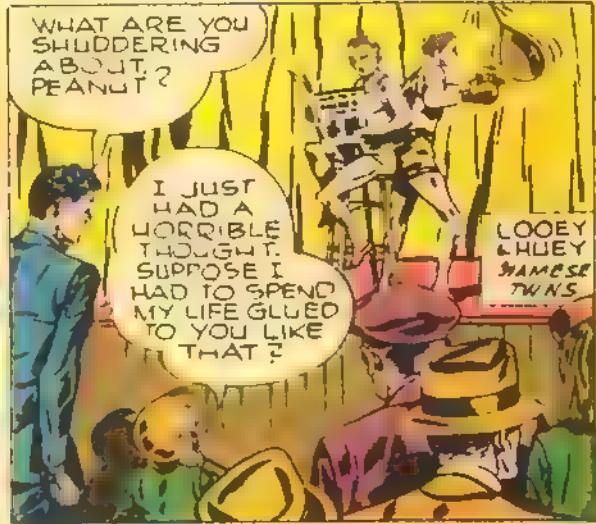
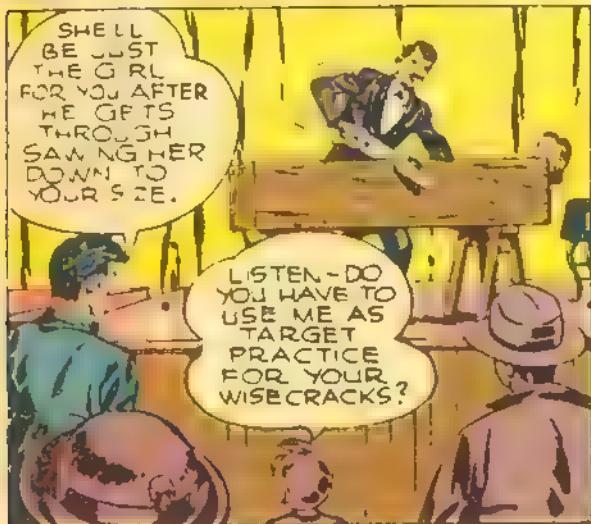
Suddenly the smile froze on his face. The ice was cracking! All about him it suddenly began opening up into huge cracks. With a scream, Frenchy plunged through, and was sucked down into the swiftly moving water below. . . .

When he made his report, the Mountie said, "I don't know who he is. Sergeant. I only saw him from a distance. But when I figured he was going to try to cross the river, I tried to warn him with a rifle shot when I couldn't catch up with him. But he didn't stop." The Mountie scratched his head. "He sank fast. Must have carried a lot of weight on him."

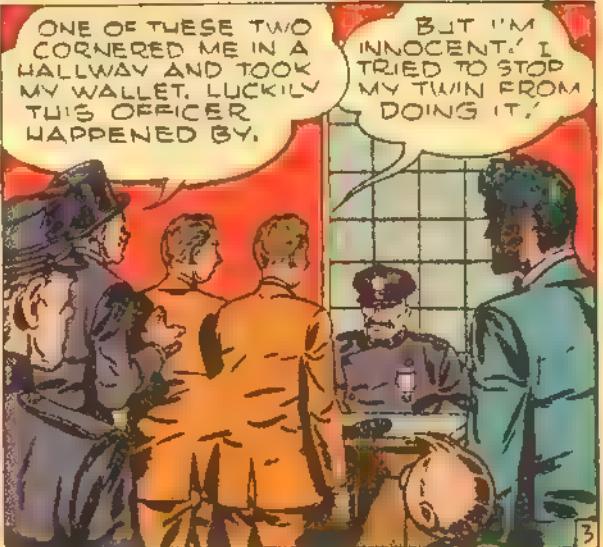
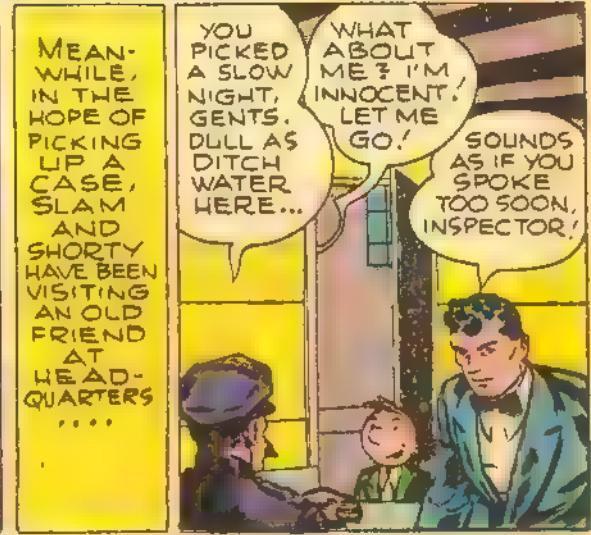
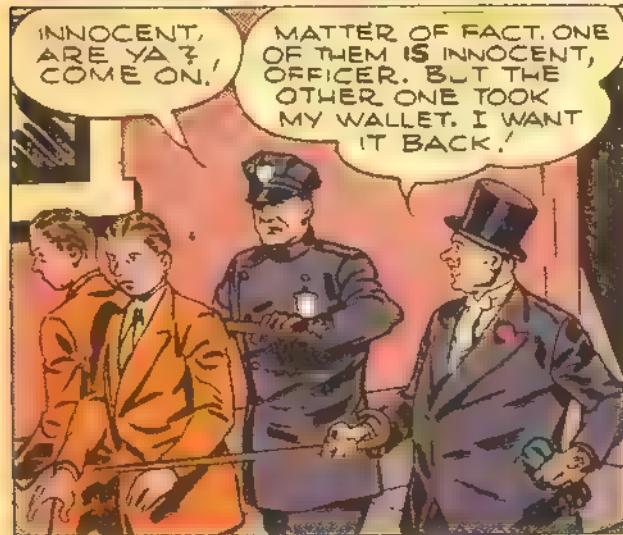
It was Spring when they recovered Frenchy's body. The gold which had held him fast to the bottom all winter was still in his pockets.



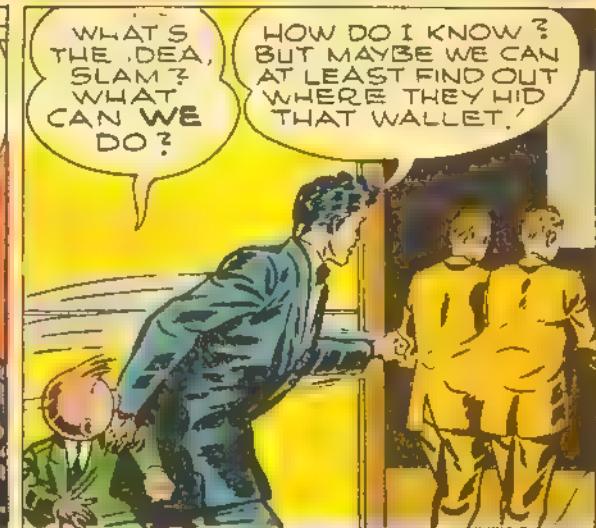
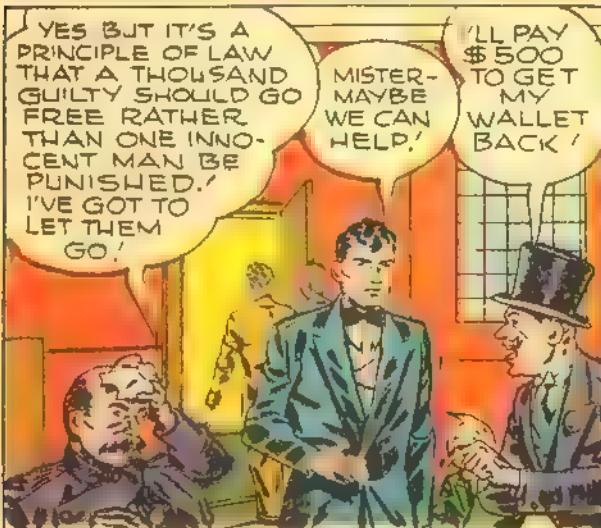
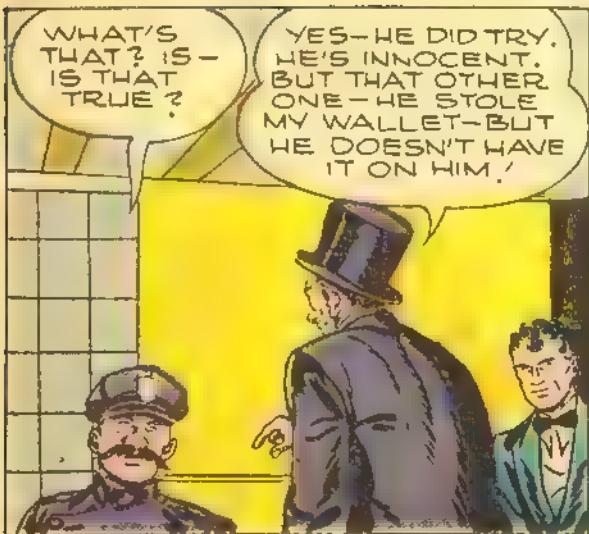
DETECTIVE COMICS



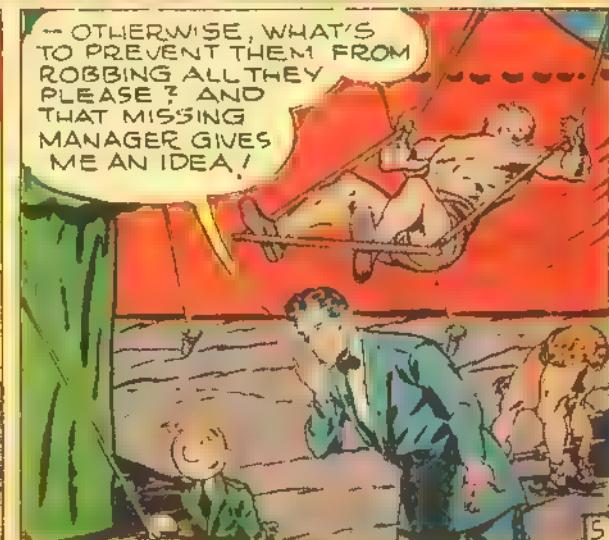
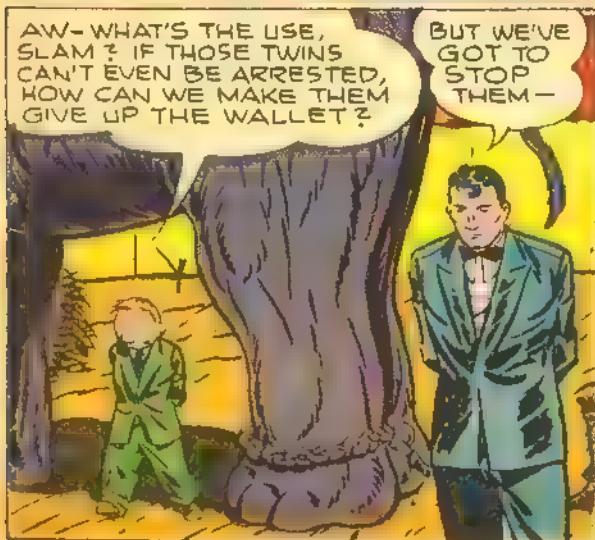
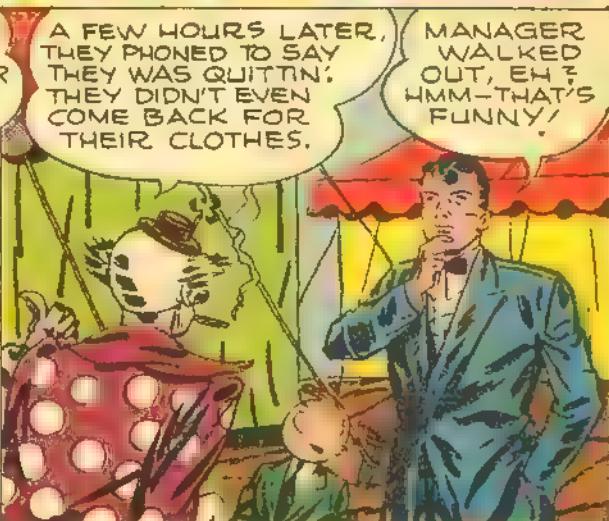
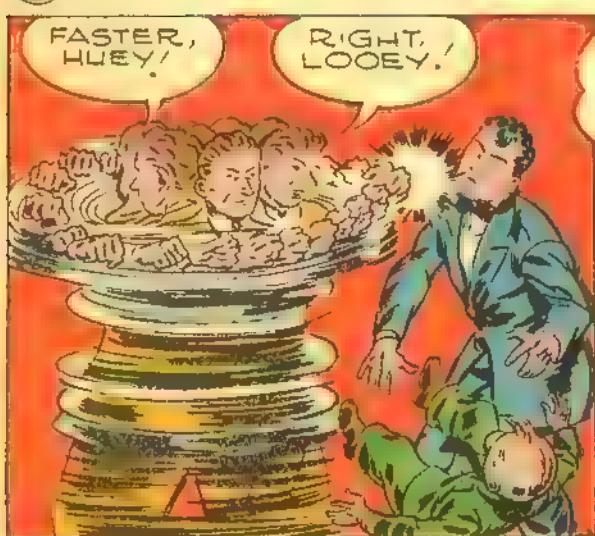
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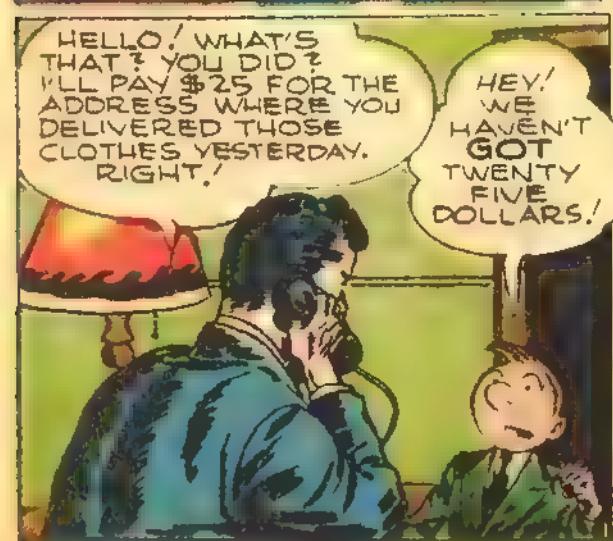
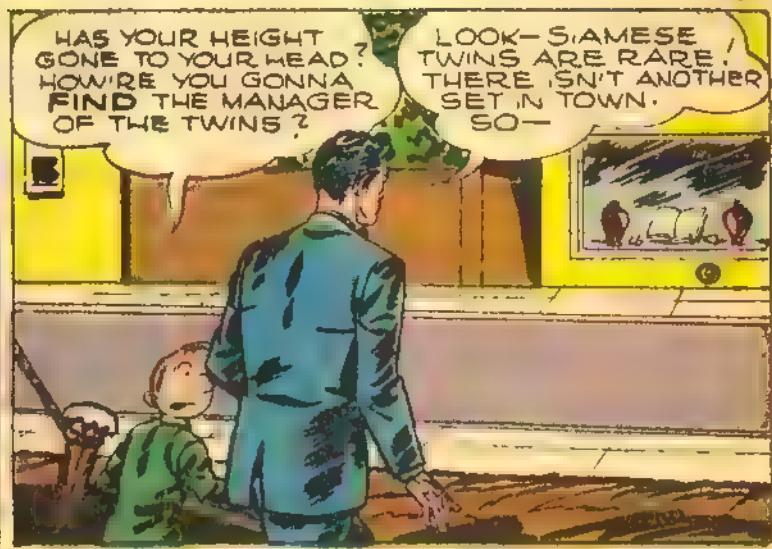
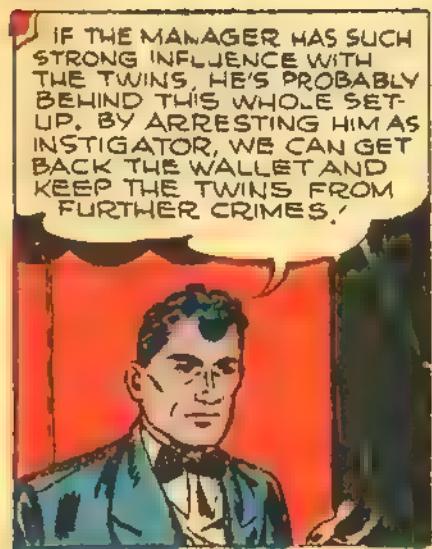
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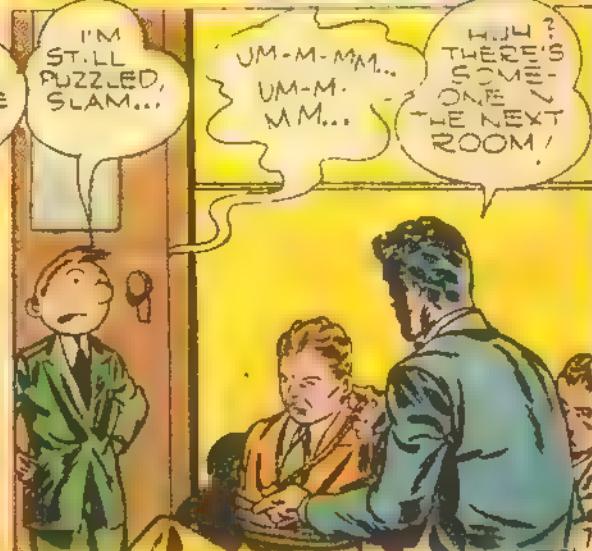
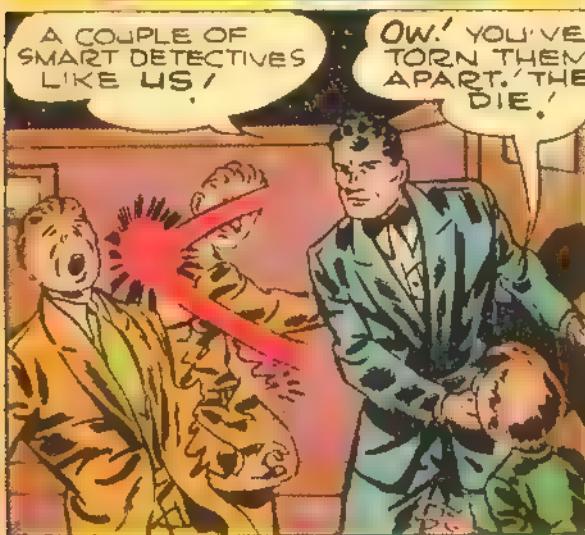
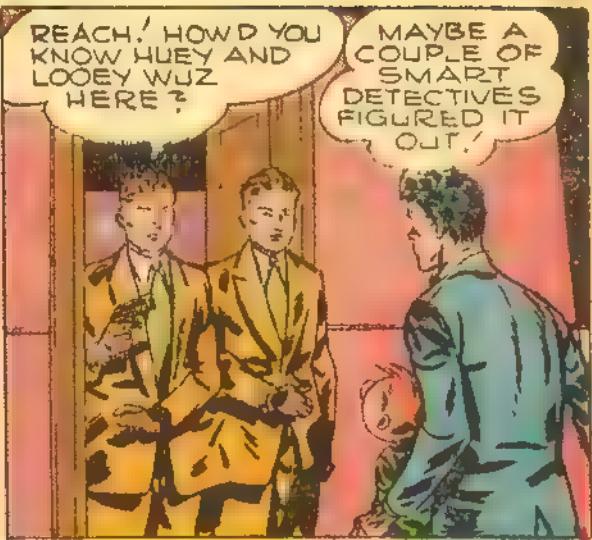
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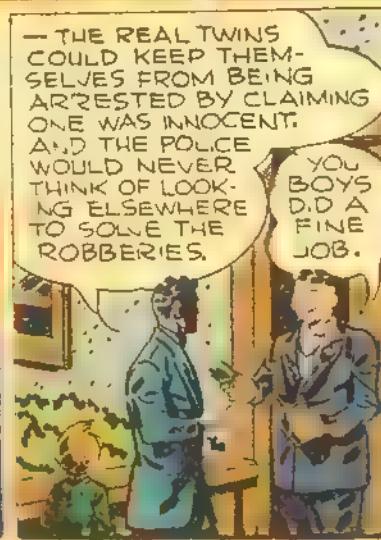
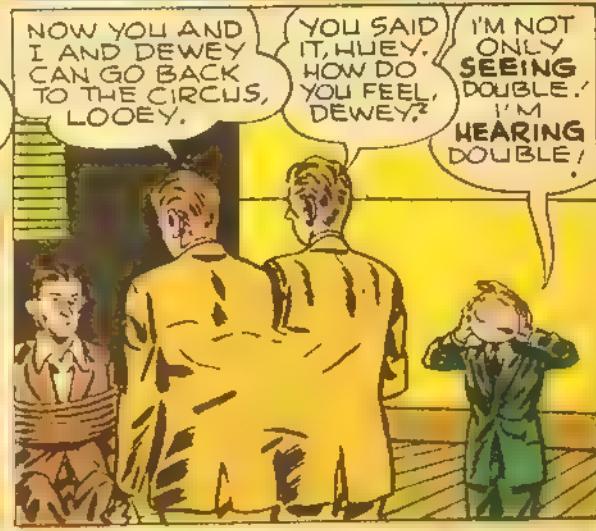
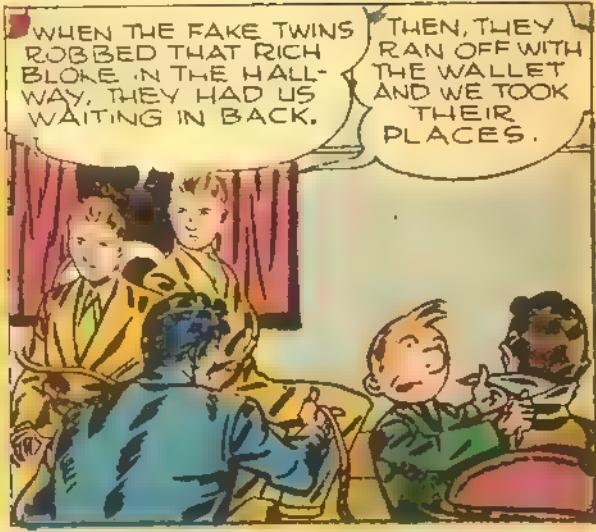
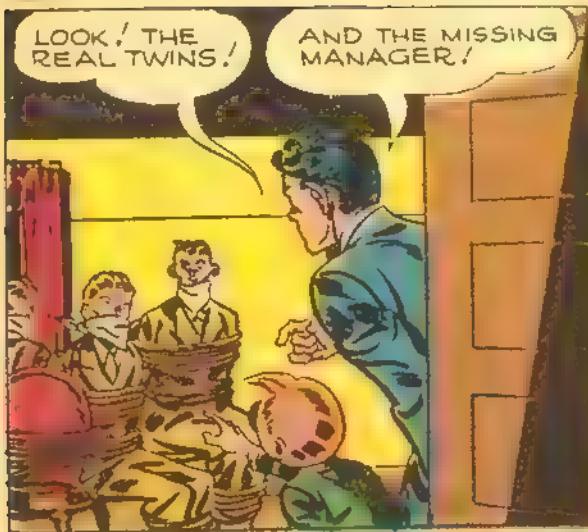
DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS

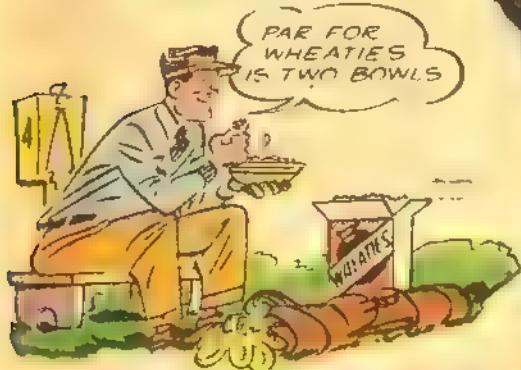


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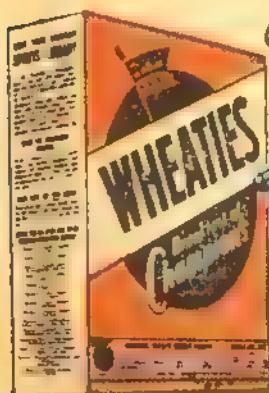
# Byron NELSON

CHAMPION ATHLETE  
OF 1945



RECORDS SHATTERED AS  
NELSON BLASTED THRU THE 1945  
SPORT SEASON. IN OCTOBER, HE  
SET A NEW WORLD'S MARK FOR  
72 HOLES OF TOURNAMENT  
GOLF HIS AMAZING 259 WAS  
21 STROKES UNDER PAR

"WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION?"  
--THAT'S THE TITLE OF TWO BOOKS  
IN WHEATIES NEW LIBRARY OF  
SPORTS WRITTEN BY CHAMPION  
GENE SARAZEN (FOR BOYS) AND  
CHAMPION PATTY BERG (FOR GIRLS).  
THESE BOOKS HAND YOU THE  
RIGHT START TOWARD BEING  
A REAL CHAMPION. WHEATIES  
PACKAGE GIVES COMPLETE  
INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET  
14 ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS



PRACTICALLY INVINCIBLE  
DURING 1945, NELSON  
WON 18 MAJOR TOURNAMENT  
CHAMPIONSHIPS--MORE THAN  
ANYONE ELSE  
IN GOLF  
HISTORY



"WHEATIES SURE KNOCK  
THE SPOTS OFF ANYTHING  
I'VE EVER TASTED IN THE  
LINE OF BREAKFAST FOODS,"  
SAYS CHAMPION BYRON  
NELSON. "A BIG BOWL OF  
WHEATIES WITH LOTS OF  
MILK AND FRUIT IS A  
GREAT BREAKFAST DISH  
--ONE YOU WON'T  
WANT TO MISS."

© 1945 THE FELDSTEIN COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

The

# 36th COMMANDOS

THE HARD WON PEACE  
OF VICTORY BRINGS CALM  
TO WAR-TORN EUROPE... BUT  
IN BROOKLYN, U.S.A., WHERE  
DEADLY BOMBS HAVE NEVER  
FALLEN NOR ENEMY TANKS  
THUNDERED, SOUNDS OF  
STRIFE ECHO ALL THE WAY  
FROM EBBETS FIELD TO  
CANARSIE. BECAUSE THREE  
FOURTHS OF RIP CARTER'S  
BATTLE-SCARRED VETERANS  
ENCOUNTER IN THIS BOROUGH  
OF NEW YORK CITY THE VERY  
EVIL THEY FOUGHT TO DESTROY.  
—AND THE RESULT IS A WILD  
AND MEMORABLE AFFAIR THAT  
WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED AS—

## "A FLATBUSH FROLIC!"

BY JOE SIMON AND  
JACK KIRBY



DETECTIVE COMICS

THE WAVE OF JOY THAT SWEEPS THE WORLD WITH THE WARS END IS NOT UNMIXED WITH SADNESS ...

CHEE, I'M GONNA MISS YOU GUYS WHEN I GET BACK HOME!

ENGLAND'LL ANDI BE A DULL PLICE WITH MY BUDDIES GONE!

MINE UNCLE PIETER WILL GIFF ME A GOOT HOME IN HOLLAND, BUT I WILL MISS DER EXCITEMENT VE HAF HAD!

'ERE COMES RIP! MAYBE 'ES BRINGIN' NEWS!

RE-LAX, KIDS. NO NEED FOR SALUTES. WE'RE NOT IN THE ARMY ANY MORE - REMEMBER?

YEAH! DAT'S RIGHT. WHADDYA KNOW. I DON'T HAFTA "SIR" YA NOW. I KIN CALL YA PAL!

THAT'S A BREAK FOR YOU, BROOKLYN. BECAUSE WE'RE FLYING TO AMERICA ON THE SAME PLANE TOMORROW!

IT SADDENS ME TO THINK I AM NOT GOING, ALSO.

HOT DOG!

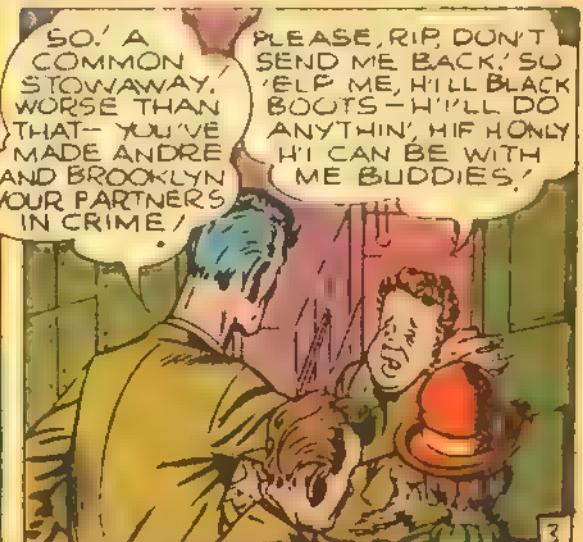
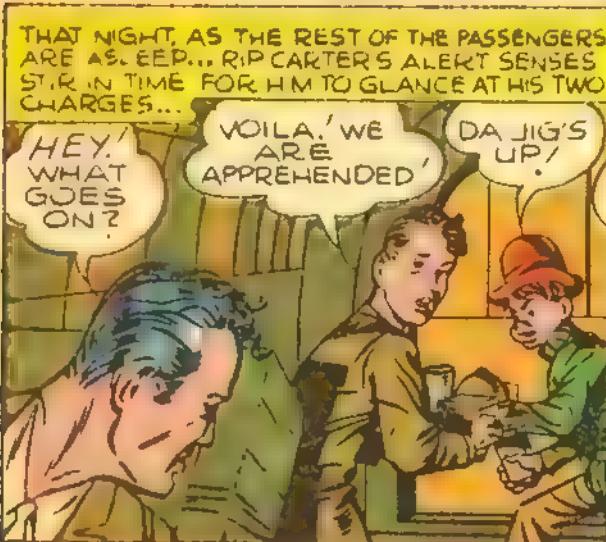
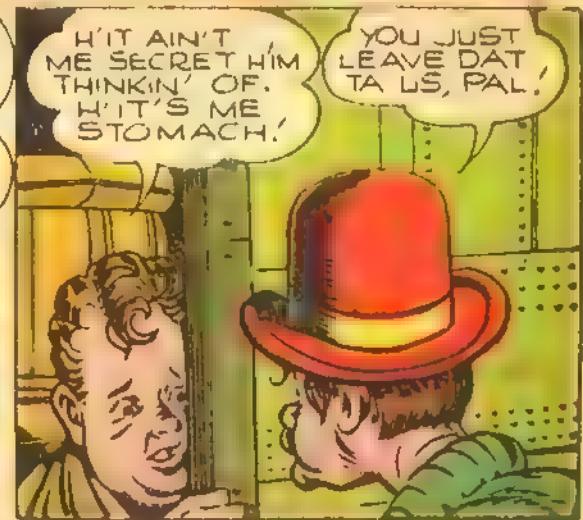
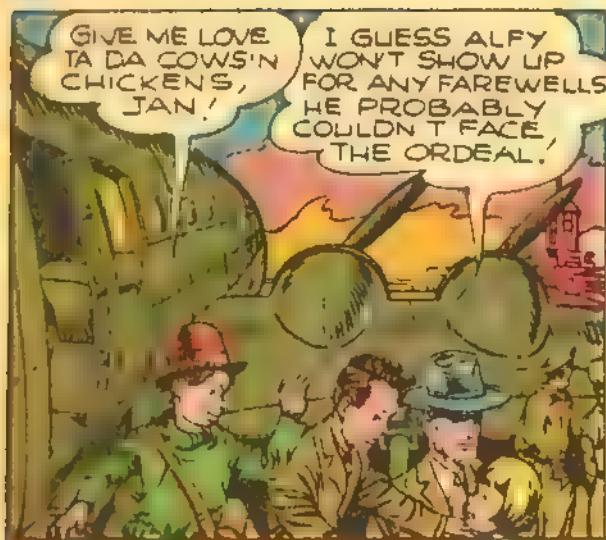
BUT YOU ARE, ANDRE! THE WAR LEFT YOU WITH NO LIVING RELATIVES, SO I'VE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME AS A SORT OF UNOFFICIAL SECRETARY. THAT IS, IF YOU LIKE THE IDEA -

MAIS OUI, EET EES WONDAIR-FUL!

JAN, YOUR UNCLE EXPECTS YOU. ALFY HAS A HOME WITH HIS AUNT HARRIET. YES, IT'S HARD TO SAY GOOD-BYE, BOYS, BUT WE'LL MEET AGAIN SOMETIME!

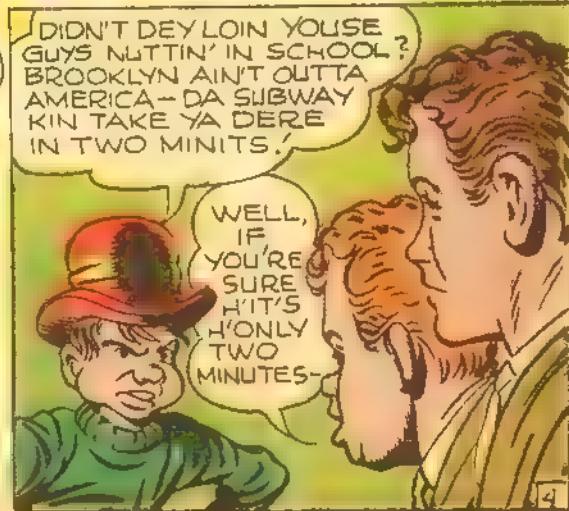
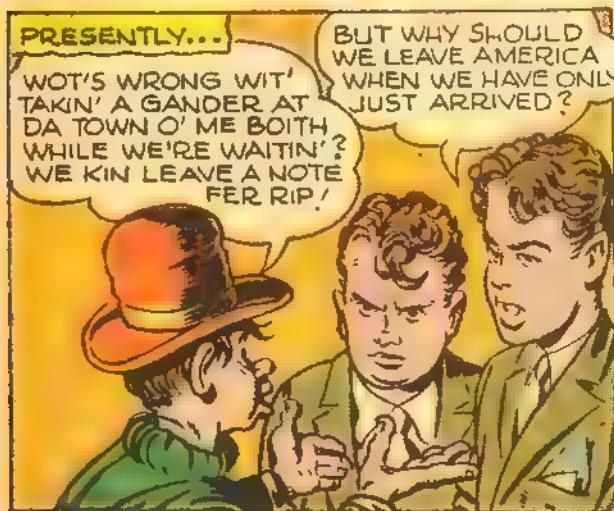
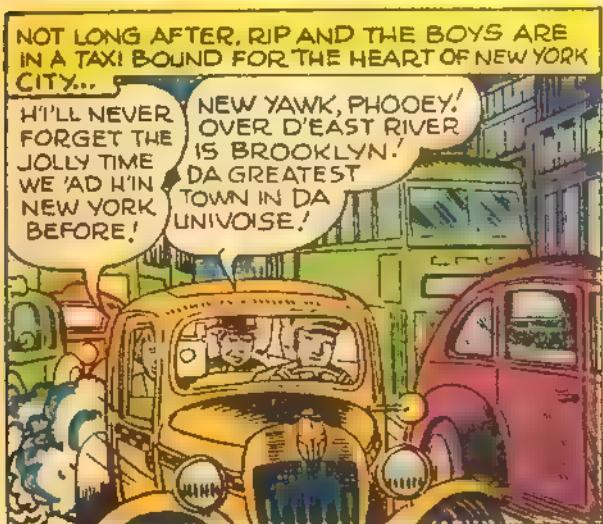
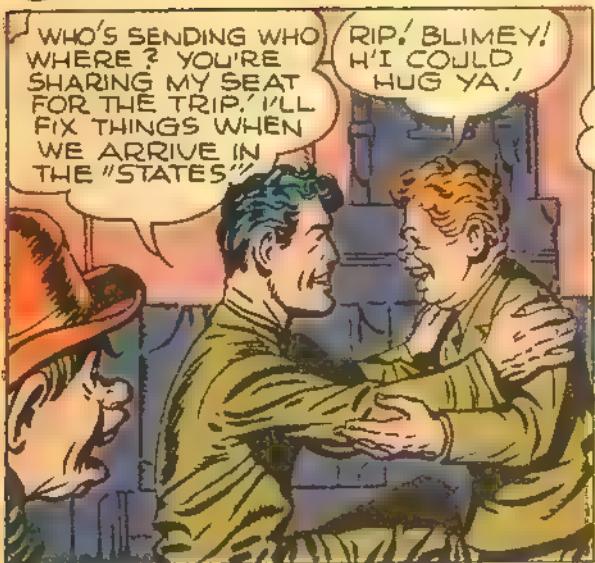
JA, MEIN UNCLE NEEDS ME ON DER FARM. HI FEEL LOIK BAWLIN'.

DETECTIVE COMICS

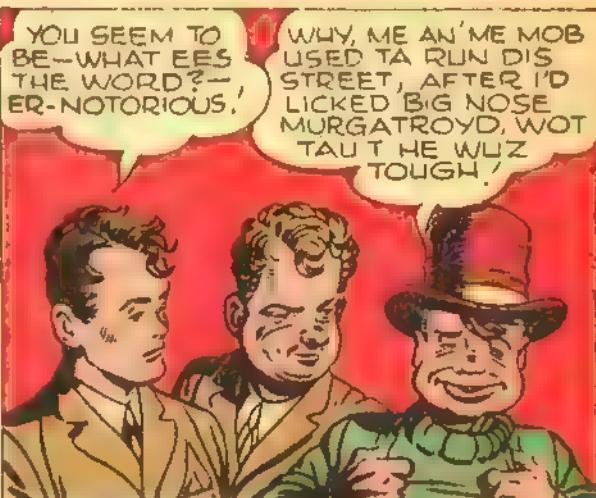
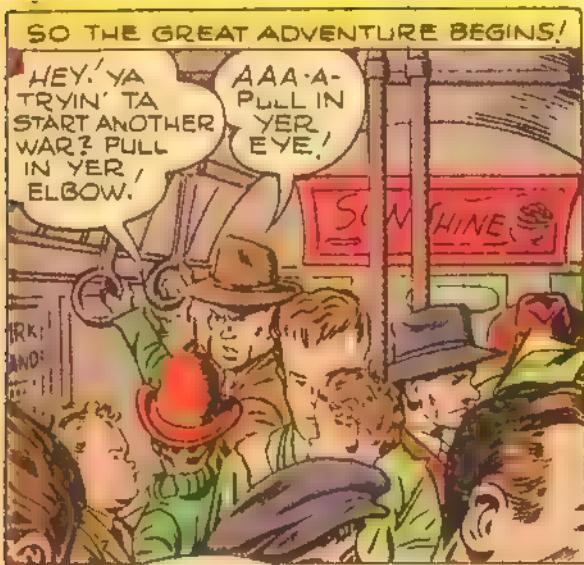




## DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS



**BIG NOSE'S YELLS SOON BRING A JUVENILE  
ARMY RACING TO AID HIM!**

TOUCHE! OIP!

QIP /

BUT NO ONE HAS YET INVENTED BATTLE TACTICS THAT CAN DISPLACE THE WEIGHT OF NUMBERS...

HERE'S  
YER HAT,  
BROOKLYN.

T'ANKS,  
KID!  
SAY, AIN'T  
YA LITTLE  
MICKEY  
ANNER?  
HERE'S YER  
UTE SISTER  
MAGGIE?

HERE  
SHE  
COMES  
NOW,  
I GOTTA  
GET  
GOIN'

BROOKLYN! YOU  
PROMISED TO WRITE ME,  
AND YOU DIDN'T!

MAGGIE! UH-  
Y A SEE, I WUZ  
SO BUSY  
ADVISING  
DA  
GENER-  
ALS-

HOW COME A NICE  
KID LKE YER  
BRUDDER IS  
RUNNIN' AROUND  
WIT' BIG NOSE  
AN' HIS GANG  
O' APE?

BIG NOSE IS HIS  
HERO, YET EVERY  
ONE KNOWS HE'S  
A CROOK! THE  
GANG MEETS AT  
THE OLD VINEGAR  
WORKS TO PLAN  
BURGLARIES,  
AND I'M  
AFRAID-

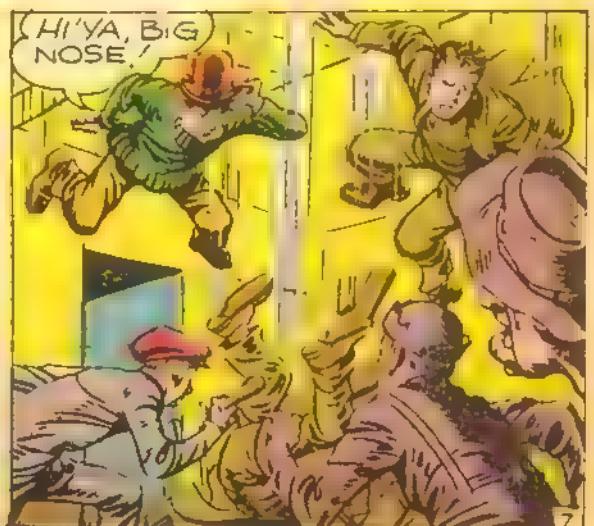
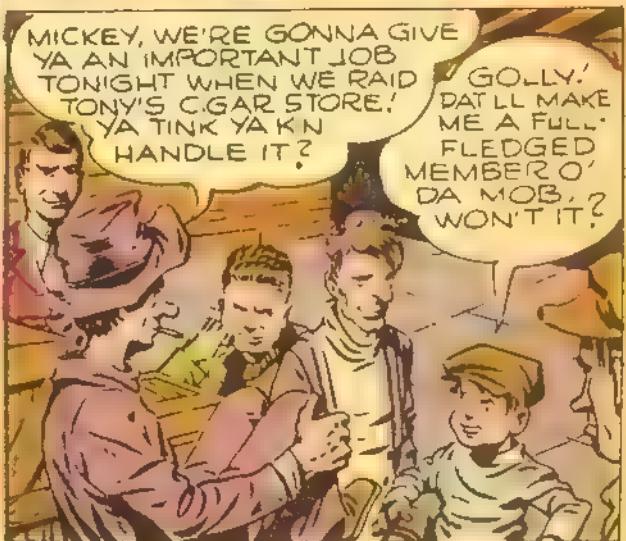
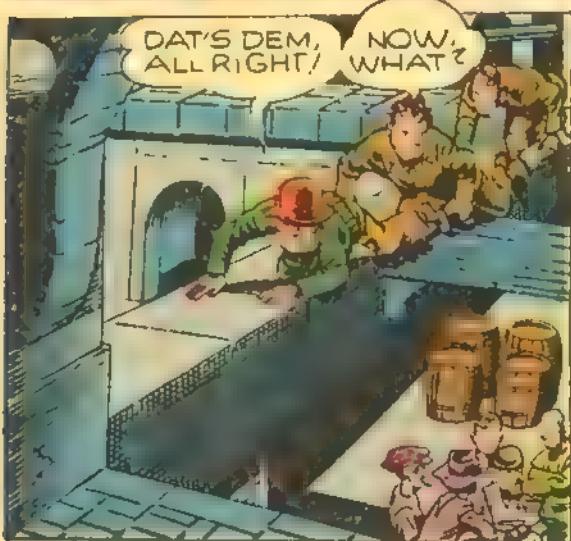
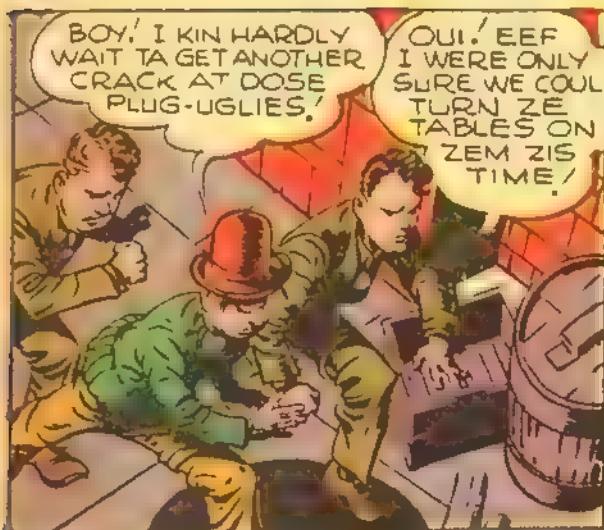
YA HOLD O' ME  
PALS, ALFY AN  
ANDRE.' DIS  
IS DEM /

AH, MAM'SELLE,  
WE ARE  
ENCHANTED!

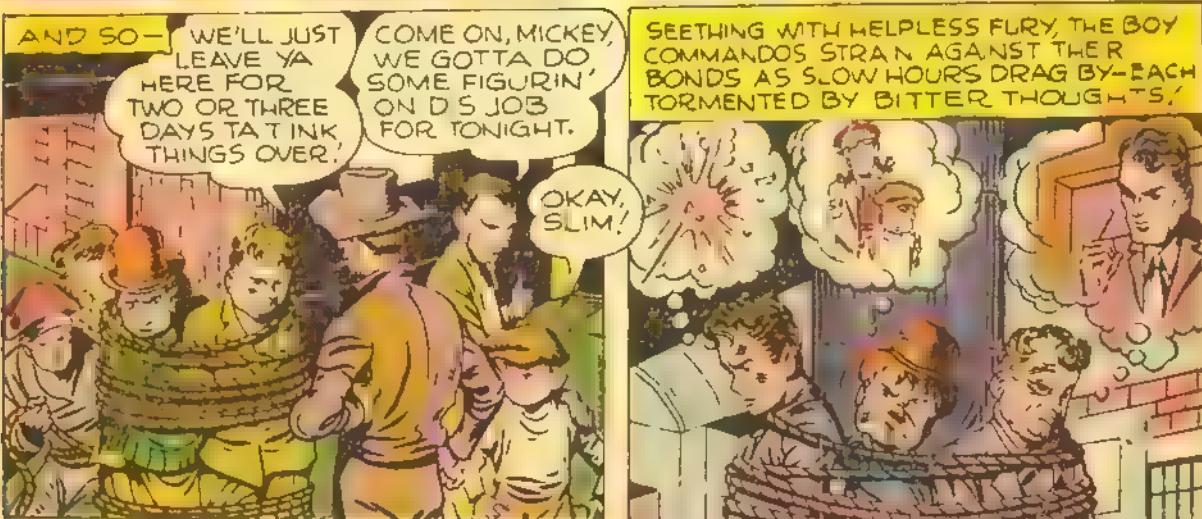
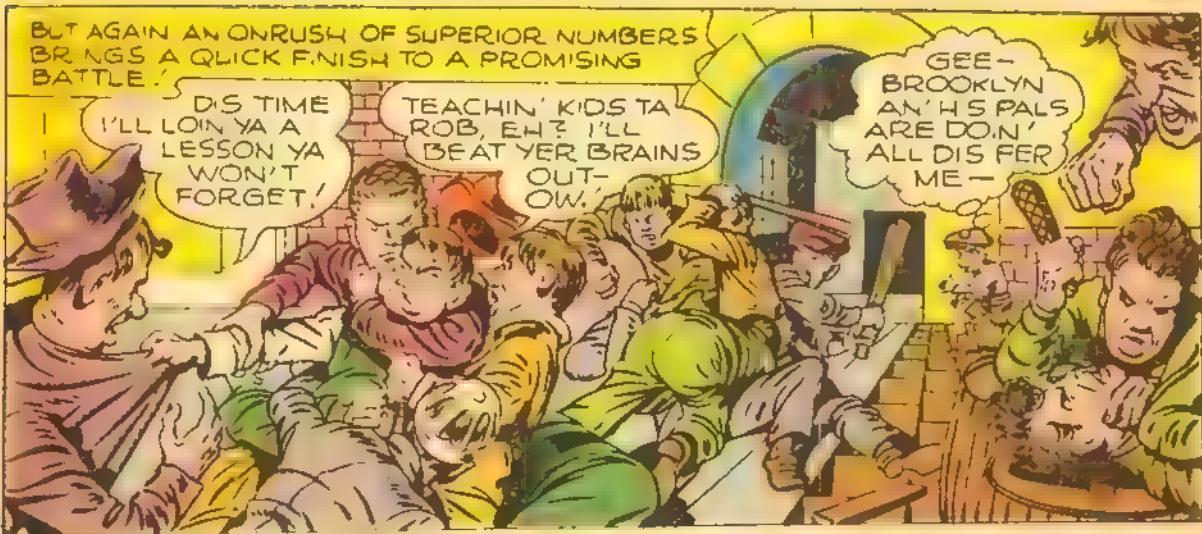
DA  
VINEGAR  
WOOKS. STOP  
WORRYIN',  
MAGGIE. WE'LL  
SEE DAT MICKEY  
DON'T GET LED  
INTA TROUBLE!

YOU'RE  
WONDERFUL!  
IF YOU CAN HELP  
MICKEY, I'LL BE  
YOUR FRIEND AS  
LONG AS I LIVE!

DETECTIVE COMICS

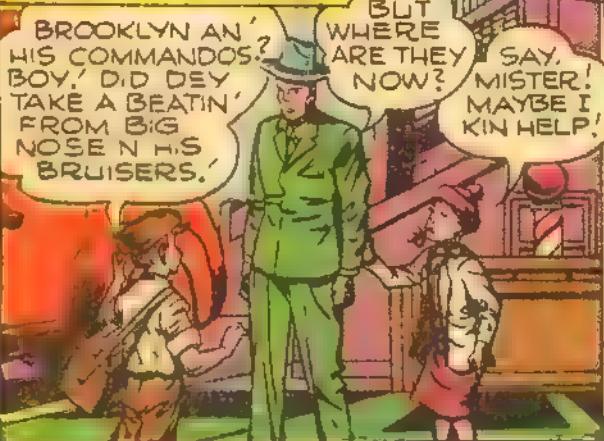


DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS

RIP'S SEARCH LEADS HIM TO BROOKLYN WHERE HE MAKES SOME INQUIRIES ABOUT THE BOYS!



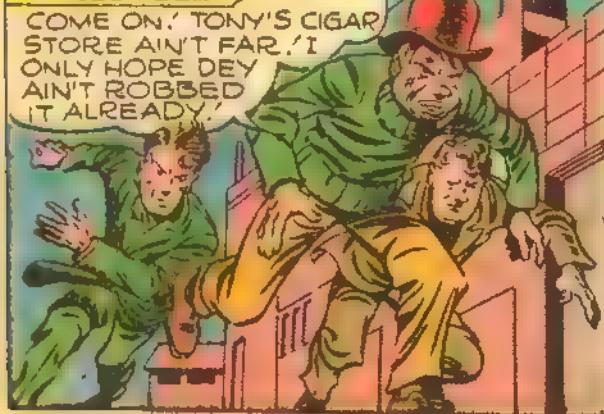
BROOKLYN STARTED FOR THE VINEGAR WORKS WHERE BIG NOSE'S BUNCH HANGS OUT. AT LEAST, THAT'S WHERE HE SAID HE WAS GOING!

THE VINEGAR WORKS? WHICH WAY IS THAT?

AND NOW AT THE VINEGAR WORKS— HAVING PAINFULLY SLIPPED FROM THE ROPES THAT BOUND THEM TO THE POST, THE PRISONERS HAVE DREAMED UP THIS!



EVEN AS THE AXIS LEARNED TO ITS SORROW, SO WILL BIG NOSE— THAT THE BOY COMMANDOS ARE PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE!



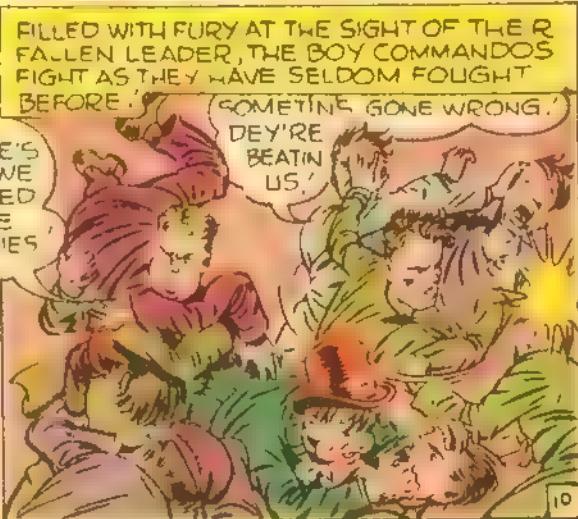
DETECTIVE COMICS

AS RIP LEAVES THE VINEGAR WORKS AFTER AN UNPROFITABLE SEARCH, HIS EARS PICK UP A CLUE THAT HIS EYES HAVE MISSED.

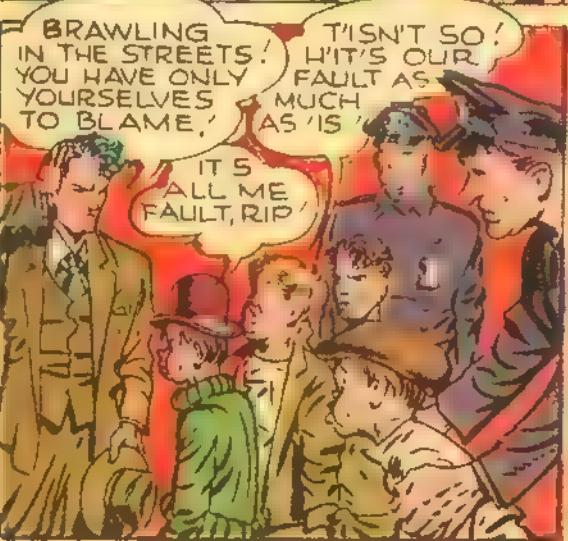
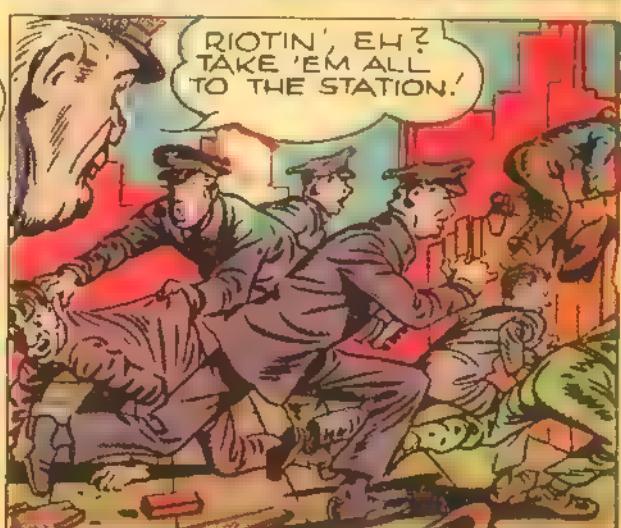
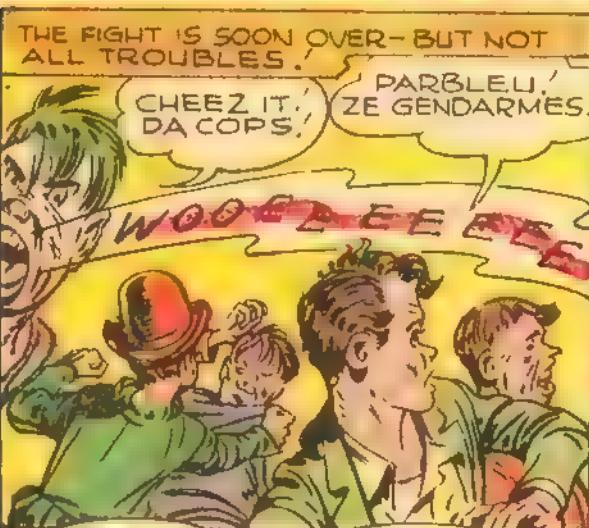
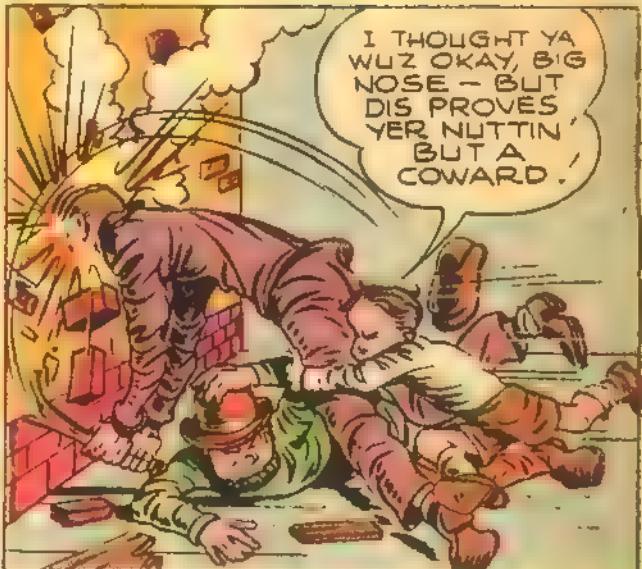
I'VE A HUNCH THAT I DON'T HAVE TO LOOK MUCH FARTHER.

\* BAM! \*  
\* CRASH! \*  
\* IP-IP OODRAY! \*  
GIVE 'EM WHAT FOR!

WHAT - I'VE FOUND THEM ALL RIGHT!

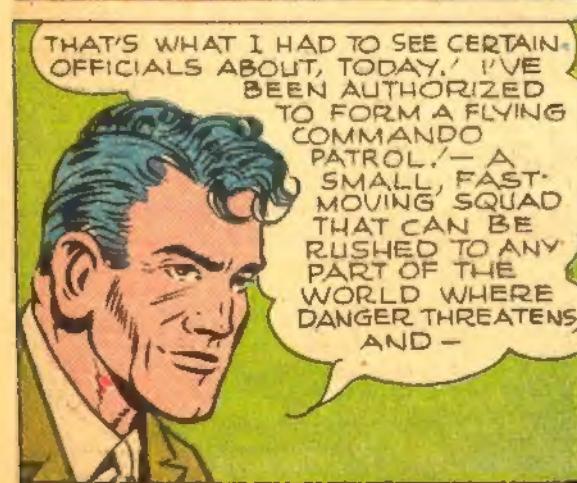


DETECTIVE COMICS





## DETECTIVE COMICS



OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

# AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER  
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE



FREE  
Good Luck  
Leaf

No Purchase Required  
for Leaf Only



The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.

MAGIC LEAF  
Lives on Air Alone

Yours free—it will grow in your room potted to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and it rates very high in plant evolution.



## HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY

"My neighbor now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous."

Mrs. I. S. Amsterdam, Ohio

"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful."

Mrs. I. F., Booth, Maine

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."

Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful."

Mrs. D. L. B., Shenandoah, Iowa

YOURS TO TEST  
ON OUR  
MONEY BACK OFFER

### IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, un-dependable storm glass for plastic house. The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of imitations.

## BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN... KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster. It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing advertising offer we have ever made.

YOU'LL MARVEL AT ITS ACCURACY

## SEND NO MONEY

### Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly in full without question. Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring much pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D.

### DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. N 8  
29 East Madison Street  
Chicago 2, Illinois

### 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Rush (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. I can return the Weather House for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

Send C.O.D.  I Enclose \$1.69. Postage Prepaid.  2 for \$2.98

6 for \$4.00  12 for \$15.00.  Send Free Leaf only.

Name..... (Please print plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

# Smart Saddle Leather ZIPPER Billfold!



Only \$2.98

Men, Here's The Most Beautiful Billfold  
You've Ever Seen at this Low Price.

You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-All-Around" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Saddle Leather designed in picturesquely style of the West. Two-tone illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only \$2.98 plus tax. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.



Send No Money RUSH THIS COUPON

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9129-A  
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Please rush me Smart Saddle Leather Zipper Pass Case Billfold with Built-In Change Purse. On arrival I will pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and 10 D. charges. It is understood that if I am not thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the Billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME. (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax plus tax total \$3.58.

Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

BOYS!  
MEN!

# PLASTIC COMPASS \$1.98



FOR BOY SCOUTS



FOR CAMPING



FOR HUNTING

New UNBREAKABLE, Wrist Watch Type Liquid Compass With Luminous Dial

Here's the compass all America has been waiting for. It's similar in construction to the liquid type Airplane and pocket compass used by the U. S. Air Corps. What a compass this is! It's shock-proof! Water-proof! Precision perfect! Made to give superior performance under any and all climatic conditions. Will not freeze at even 40° below zero. Works perfectly under a blazing sun. The ideal compass for everyone—Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, hikers, campers, motorists, and all sports lovers. This newest, wrist watch style, luminous, Plastic Compass, sealed air-tight in liquid, is ready to accurately direct your movements all hours of the day or night. Unfailing and unbreakable. Think of it! You can own this remarkably low price of only \$1.98, complete with smartly styled wristband.

Here Are  
the Features  
Which Make This  
"America's Greatest  
Compass Buy"

- Latest Type Plastic Case
- Luminous "See in the Dark" Dial
- Shatterproof, Shock-proof, Water-proof Construction
- Shows Degrees in all Directions
- Airplane-Type "Sealed in Liquid" Unbreakable Compass
- Withstands heat—will not freeze
- Newest Wrist Watch-Style Design

EXAMINE  
FOR 10 DAYS  
AT OUR RISK



SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 248-A  
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Wrist Watch-Type PLASTIC COMPASS as described above on your no-risk 10 day Money Back Guarantee Offer. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE .....

I enclose \$1.98 in advance with my order. Send the Plastic Compass to me all postage charges prepaid.

# ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

## COOL UNDER FIRE!



SUDDENLY SMOKE CURLS FROM THE PLATFORM--A TONGUE OF FLAME! THE AUDITORIUM IS ON FIRE! A WOMAN SCREAMS--QUICKLY PANIC SPREADS!

